

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

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Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The Tennessee River will get \$85,000 out of the appropriation on the River and Harbor Bill.

Mr. Seymour will remain on his farm at Utica, New York, until after the election.

The Radicals of the Sixth Iowa District have nominated Charles Pomeroy for Congress, after seventy-seven ballots.

This season the Southern rice crop will probably reach sixty thousand barrels against forty-five thousand barrels in 1867.

The total loss in Baltimore by the late flood will reach \$3,000,000, and that of Frederick and the surrounding country at least \$1,000,000 more.

Returns from all parts of Kentucky show an immense increase of Democratic majorities, and a falling off of the radical vote. Stevenson's majority will probably reach 60,000.

The deficit in the Postoffice Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, is nearly eight millions, caused principally by opening the Southern mail service and oceanic mail subsidies.

Flora Temple, now twenty-three years old, is still living, and this spring has presented her owner, Mr. Welsh, at Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, with a fine foal, in from and color a miniature edition of herself.

Josh Billings correctly remarks: "Success in life is very apt to make us forget the time when we wasn't much. It is just so with the frog on the jump; he can't remember when he was a tadpole—but other folks can."

The Atlanta (Ga.) New Era claims that Hon. Joshua Hill is a Republican and that he favors the election of Grant and Colfax. It is rather singular, however, that the Democrats and not the Radicals rejoice over his election.

It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked, "how he bore it so well?" "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

Postmaster General Randall was once a thoroughgoing Republican, but he is evidently a failure as a Democrat. He recently issued a circular to the Postmasters in reply to their queries as to whether they should pay the money assessed on them by the Grant and Colfax committee to carry on the campaign. Randall merely says they can consult their own judgment.

Accounts from the interior of Alabama and Mississippi are unfavorable. Heavy rains have fallen in all sections, and the caterpillars are reported to be in different sections of Alabama and Mississippi, and it is said, are doing considerable damage. The Warrior river had risen thirty feet; the Tuscaloosa, twenty feet. By a rise in the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers, fears of overflow in the lowlands are entertained.

The Richmond Examiner following the lead of the Charleston Mercury, reads a severe lecture to those ex-Confederate officers whose inflammatory speeches have lately attracted so much attention at the North. It charges that their course only furnishes ammunition to their enemies.

Short Paragraphs.

A dancing master was taken up in Natchez, lately, for robbery. He said that he commenced by cheating the printer and after that everything rascally came easy to him!

A sermon was preached on a certain Sabbath morning by an eminent divine from the text, "Ye are the children of the devil." In the same church, in the afternoon, the text was, "Children, obey your parents."

One of our western villages had passed an ordinance forbidding tavern keepers to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any one except travelers. The next Sunday every man in town was seen walking about with a carpet bag in his hand.

It is announced for the benefit of those who did not see the last comet, that it will appear again in the year 2149.

A darkey set to work to cut down a tough tree with a dull axe, and made but slow progress. A shaft of lightning shivering a huge oak, near by, he exclaimed: "Try your hand on this one, master, and I spec you git your match."

An Irishwoman was told to take as much of a certain powder as she could put on a sixpence, when she said to the doctor, "perhaps your honor will give me the sixpence as I haven't got one at all, at all."

Hasn't your horse got the heaves?" asked a man of another one trying to sell his animal. "If he's any better for the heaves he's got them and if he ain't he hasn't," was the reply.

A fellow being treated to a glass of wild cherry wine, exclaimed, as soon as he got the pucker out of his mouth, "gosh. I hope them cherries was so wild that the man didn't catch many of them!"

On returning home after fighting a duel, a gentleman paid the driver a large price, at which the latter seemed much surprised. "I only took you a mile," he said. I am not paying you for taking me out, but for bringing me back," was the reply.

A printer's devil once went to see a preacher's daughter. He was much surprised the next Sunday at hearing her father give out the text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

In Cincinnati, a man wishing to get a check cashed, had no one to prove his identity. He exhibited his name upon his shirt, whereat the banker was satisfied, and paid over the money.

Lost yesterday a small morocco pocket book, containing a tailor's bill for \$20. Any person finding the same will please pay the bill and nothing more will be said.

A broker was once asked how his father was. He replied, "the old gentleman is quoted at eighty, but he has a prospect of going up to par, and may reach a premium."

An Irish clergyman once said, whilst preaching, "My friends, I am just half through my sermon; but as you seem to be tired, the last half will not be more than quarter as long as the first half."

Mr. Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to put on her back, but now she is covered with 'em."

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

"Do what?"

"Why, how do you find yourself?"

"I never lose myself."

"Pshaw! how do you feel?"

"Pretty smooth, I guess—feel me and see."

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"It's not a good morning; it's wet and nasty."

"Can you read smoke, ma?" What do you mean, my child?" "Why, I heard some men talk about a volume of smoke, and I thought you could read any volume."

A fellow seven feet high passed through Charleston, on his way to California. On being asked why he ventured on so hazardous a journey, he replied, "They did not want me at home any longer."

"Mother, I heard sissy swear." "What did she say?" "She said she was going to wear her darned stockings to church tomorrow."

A friend was traveling South lately, and one day was asked to take some sausage, then on the breakfast table.

"No I thank you, none of that," said he, with a knowing smile.

"Who not?" said the landlord, assuringly, "they are safe enough."

"What do you mean by saying they are safe enough?"

"Why, a hound pup is worth more than a hog here, any day."

Mr. Jones writes to a friend: "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

Don't Be Provoked.

The New Orleans Times, announcing the return of General Beauregard from the North, says:

"He expresses himself as highly pleased with the reception of the Southern delegates in the great metropolitan city of the North, as well as with the choice made by the convention. Of the success of the Seymour and Blair ticket in November he is fully satisfied, provided the Southern people keep the peace in the meantime, regardless of every provocation which may be offered by the enemy. If we calmly, firmly and uncompromisingly wait, our redemption may be regarded as assured."

Here is a trusted and tried leader of the Southern people in the late war, who takes the same view of matters which we have expressed: that the effort of the Radicals will be to provoke the Southern people into breaking the peace, (and the work has already been inaugurated in this State,) and the chances of victory hang on obstinately refusing to be incensed into any outbreak.—Union and Dispatch.

Cured Them.

Henry Clay Dean, who was at one time a preacher, had very strong objections to the members of his congregation turning around when any one entered the church.

Being worried, one afternoon, by this turning practice in his congregation, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon and said:

"Now, listen to me and I'll tell you who each one is, as he comes in."

He then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when Mr. Dean bawled out:

"Deacon A., who keeps a shop over the way," and then went on with his sermon.

Presently another man went up the aisle, and he gave his name, residence and occupation; and so on for some time.

At length some one entered the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out: "A little old man, with a drab coat and an old white hat; don't know him; look for yourselves."

That congregation was cured.

A Lawyer Caught.

An episode in the professional career of an eminent jurist of Pennsylvania, late a Judge of the Supreme Court, deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Soon after his admission to the bar he had occasion to visit Williamsport to argue his first case. As he was pacing the deck of the canal boat on which he was journeying, he encountered a group of three substantial, rustic-looking persons, who were deeply engaged in discussing the merits of an important law suit which had recently been tried.

Fresh from the study of Blackstone, and believing himself to be the embodiment of legal learning and the incarnation of judicial science, he joined the group, and straightway proceeded to enlighten the party as to the law bearing on the case. The opinions which had been advanced he dogmatically pronounced to be erroneous, and contrary to law, reason and precedent.

His auditors listened with profound attention until he had finished his harangue, when one of them quietly informed the speaker that, from his discourse, it was evident he was ignorant of every principle of law—civil, common and statute, written or unwritten. A second added that he knew nothing of the rules of logic, as was apparent from his defective style of reasoning. The third listener stated it as his conviction that the intruder was also destitute of common sense.

Exasperated by such uncomplimentary remarks, the legal aspirant abruptly left the group, and resumed his promenade on the deck of the boat.

Chancing to meet the skipper, he inquired if he knew those three old chaps who were talking together; adding, with considerable asperity, that they were the most stupid set of blockheads that ever lived.

"Those three old chaps, Mr. K.," responded the ancient mariner, are the Judges of the Supreme Court, on their way to Williamsport, where Court opens tomorrow."

Mr. K. did not make his debut in the Supreme Court at that session, but postponed his appearance to a more convenient season.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says the Republicans there are very glad that Gov. Brown and Foster Blodgett were defeated for United States Senators. They seem to have no confidence in the renegades. The former was Governor of Georgia during the rebellion, and the latter was Captain in the Confederate service, and is now under indictment in the United States Court at Savannah, for perjury in taking the "iron-clad oath."

The Arkansas Traveller.

[There may be some of our readers who have never read this amusing sketch, and we know there are many who have, who will enjoy a laugh over it again—probably for the twentieth time.—Ed. FORERUNNER.]

In the earlier days of Arkansas, when houses were few and far between, an adventurous traveler from one of the old States got lost one cold, rainy day, in the fall of the year. After wandering until evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while looking for a place to camp, he struck a trail which he thought led somewhere, and also heard in that direction the sound of music. Accordingly he took the trail which soon led him to a log cabin about ten feet square—one side being roofed, and the other only half covered with boards. He also saw the proprietor, seated on an old whisky barrel near the door—sheltered by a few boards which projected from the eaves—playing a tune, or rather the first snatch of a tune, on an old fiddle. After surveying the habitation and surroundings of cotton-head children, the traveler rode up to ask if he could get lodgings. The following dialogue ensued:

Traveler—Good evening, sir!

Squatter—(continuing to play and not looking up)—How d'ye do, sir?

Traveler—Can I get to stay all night with you?

Squatter—No, sir!

Traveler—Can't you give me a glass of something to drink? I am very wet and cold.

Squatter—I drank the last drop this morning.

Traveler—I am very hungry; haven't had a thing to eat to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?

Squatter—There ain't a darned thing in the house!

Traveler—Then can't you give my horse something?

Squatter—How nothin' to feed him on. Traveler—How far is it to the next house?

Squatter—Stranger, I don't know, I've never been there.

Traveler—Well, where does this road go to?

Squatter—It's never been anywhere since I've been here—it's always here when I get up in the morning.

Traveler—As I am not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink.

Squatter—My house leaks; there's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on that.

Traveler—Why don't you finish covering the house and stop the leaks?

Squatter—It's raining.

Traveler—Well, why don't you do it when it stops raining?

Squatter—It don't leak then.

Traveler—Well, as you have nothing to eat or drink in the house, and nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow?

Squatter—Pretty well, I thank you, how do you do, yourself?

Traveler—(After trying all sorts of ways to extract some sort of satisfactory information from him)—My friend, why don't you play the whole of that tune?

Squatter—(Stops playing and looks up for the first time)—I didn't know there was any more to it. Stranger, can you play the fiddle?

Traveler—I play a little sometimes.

Squatter—You don't look much like a fiddler, (handing him the fiddle). Will you play the balance of that tune?

The traveler gets down and plays the tune.

Squatter—Stranger, come in! Take half a dozen chairs and sit down! Sal, go round into the holler where I killed that buck this morning; cut off some of the best pieces and fetch them and cook them for me and the gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed afore you go, and get the old black jar I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky. I know there's some there yet. Dick, carry the gentleman's horse round to the shed; you will find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Darn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you as much as you can eat and drink! Hurry up, old woman! If you can't find the butcher knife, take granny's cob handle knife. Play away, stranger! you can sleep on the dry spot to-night.

After about two hours fiddling, and some conversation, in which the squatter shows his character, the stranger retired to "the dry spot."

Difference of Opinion.

A Massachusetts paper says: "We saw 'Brick' Pomeroy in New York—a little old drunkard, with narrow face, low forehead, and piggy looking eye. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, the spiciest daily in the world, says:

Mr. M. M. Pomeroy, editor and proprietor of the La Crosse Democrat, is now in New York. One who knows him only by his writings knows but little of him as a man. He has one of the best built heads we ever saw; a tremendous brow with a forehead as fine and white as that of a girl; his great blue eyes are as innocent as rill of fun as those of a baby, but as sharp as those of Iyux; he is graceful in demeanor, quiet voiced, full of vim and nervous in temperament. He writes like a steam engine, his pen flying over the paper like a flash of greased lightning. The Weekly Democrat has a circulation of over 270,000 copies and goes into every city, town and hamlet of the nation.

More Truth than Poetry.

The Natchez, Mississippi, Courier says:

We hear that quite a deputation of the dark-colored waited on one of their white-skinned brethren, the other day, to inquire if it was really true that they, "men and brethren," had been beaten. "Are you really beat?" "Oh, yes; fraud, fraud, fraud!" was the reply. "Well, what are we to do?" said the negro spokesman. "We have offended our old friends, voted against them, and got nothing; what are we to do?" "Why, do as I have to do," said the scawlag. "We must grin and bear it." "Do very well for you to talk dat way," was the rejoinder. "You got our money, and never had no friends. You can take your carpet-bag and travel any of these dark nights; but we's born here; got no other home; got to stay and starve. Our old friends mad; new friends running away. You're a d—d, no account trifling Yankee." And Mr. Yankee left with a small-sized bug in his ear.

Important Movement.

The meeting of the ex-Confederate Generals which was held at the law-office of General W. B. Bate, in this city yesterday, the memorial adopted by it, and the interview during its presentation to the Military Committee of the Legislature, constitutes an event of no ordinary importance in the course of our troubles. The manner of the reception of these gentlemen, and confidence placed on their sincerity and patriotism may lead, and we trust it will, to the happiest results. Should the spirit which has actuated this proceeding be met and reciprocated by the State authorities, and the wise and respectful suggestions made be dispassionately considered and acted upon, we have a buoyant hope that re-established unity and harmony, which has been so long sadly needed, will soon place Tennessee again on solid ground.

Whatever may be the result, the distinguished ex-Confederates who have so disinterestedly and earnestly labored in this behalf have entitled them to the gratitude of all good men.

[Union and Dispatch.]

Negroes Arming and Drilling.

The Memphis Ledger of the 1st instant makes this statement:

"We understand that negro Leaguers are drilling at several points on the outskirts of the city. The different gunsmiths of the city are kept busily at work by them, making repairs. The employees of our office counted twenty this morning with guns for repair at the establishment opposite. What is the meaning of this unusual stir and preparation? Do they all intend to quit farming and working, and hunt for a livelihood?"

We have seen it stated that the negroes in other portions of the State are adopting a similar course. This is one of the legitimate results of Radical teaching. They have been made to believe that the Southern people, among whom they propose to live, are their enemies, and that they should arm themselves and organize companies and drill, that they may be prepared to resist the encroachments of these enemies. Why is it that no efforts are made by the civil authorities to put a stop to this movement on the part of the negroes, and to show them the criminal folly of such a course? If they desire to live in peace with the white people, they must so conduct themselves as to show that they mean what they profess. This thing of organizing and drilling negro companies in the midst of a peaceful white population, cannot be looked upon with favor, and the sooner it is discontinued the better for both black and white. Every movement calculated to provoke a war of races, should be studiously frowned down.